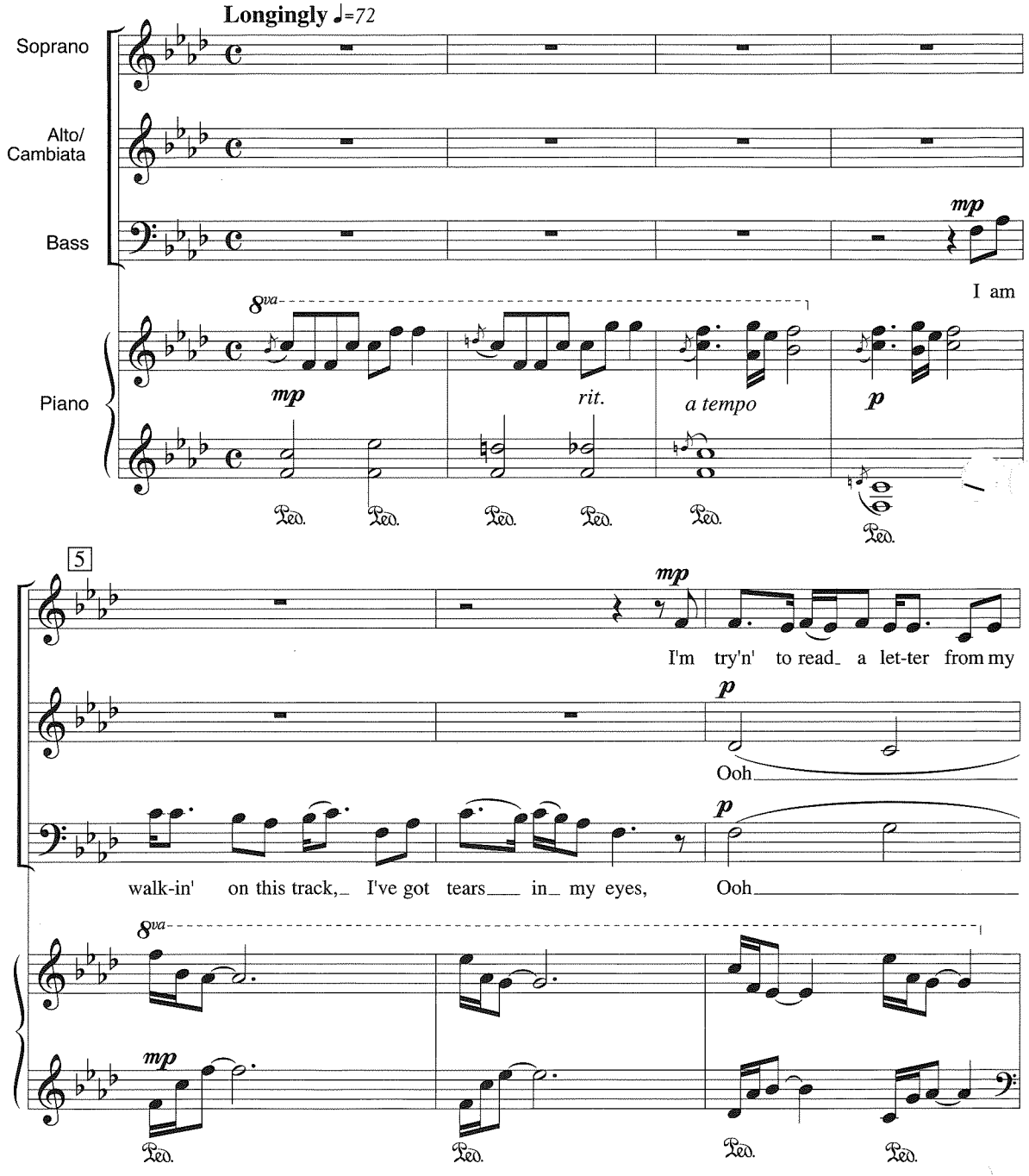
Nine Hundred Miles

Traditional American Folk Song
Arr. Philip E. Silvey

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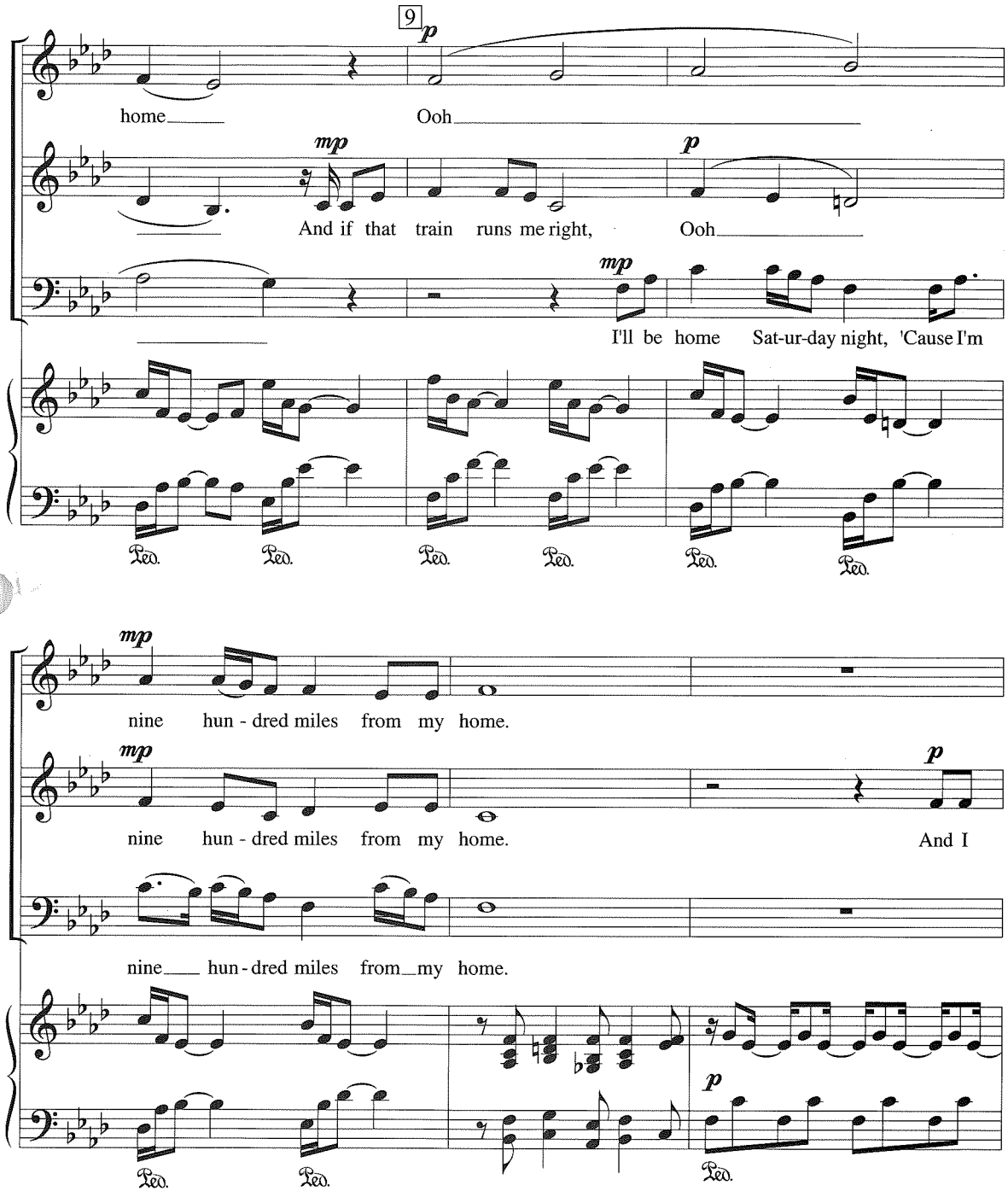
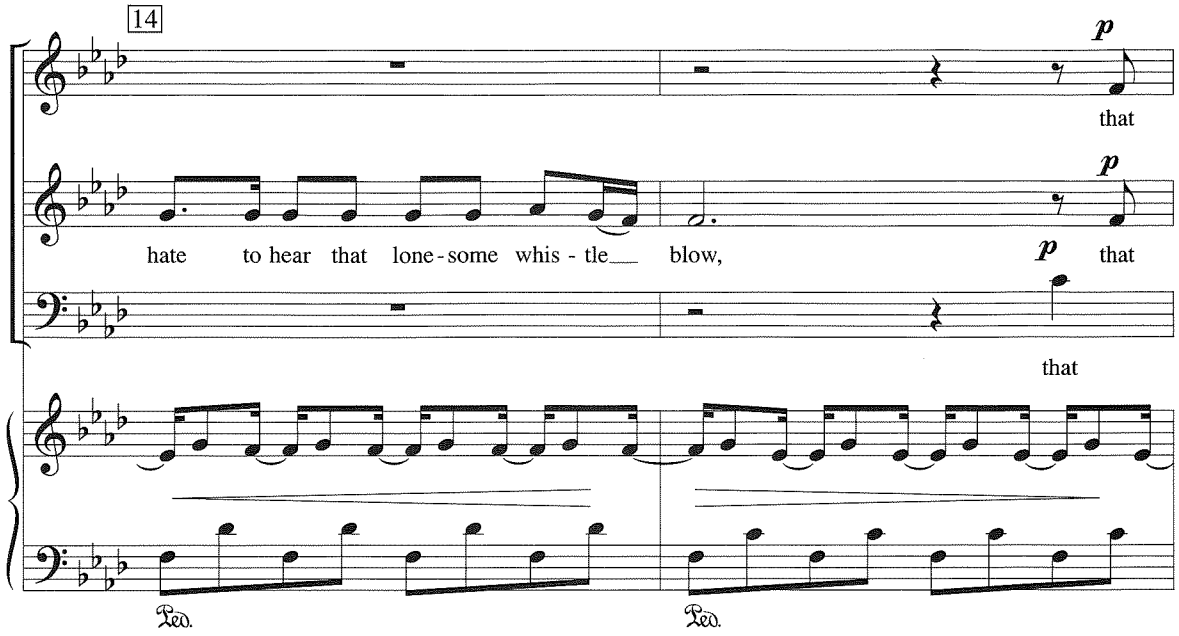
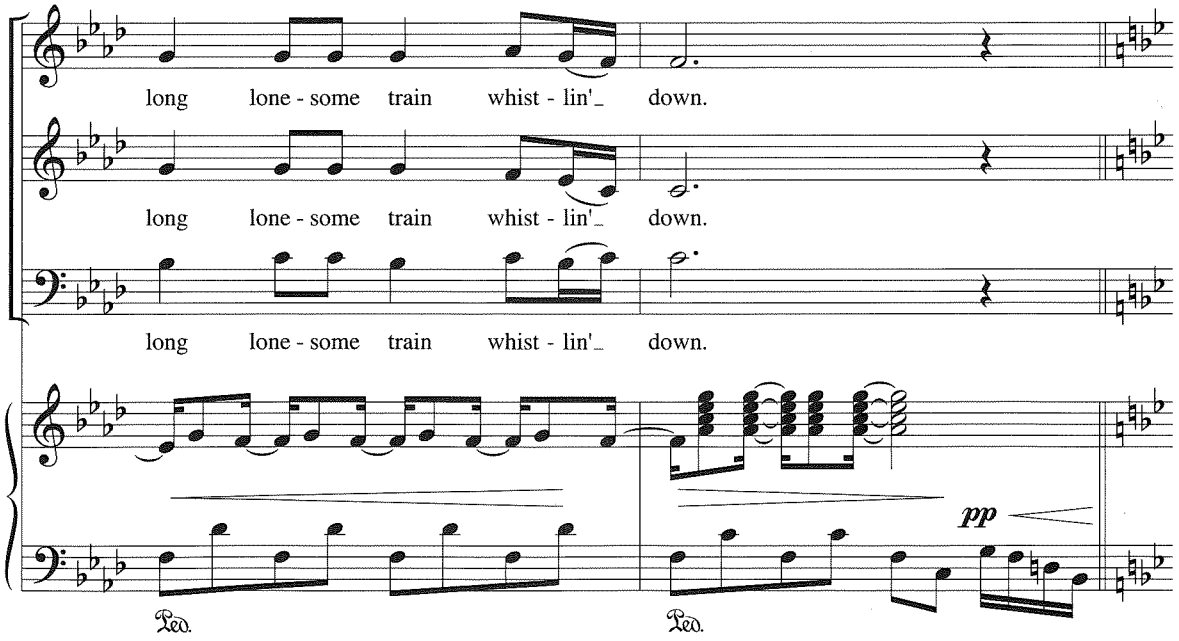
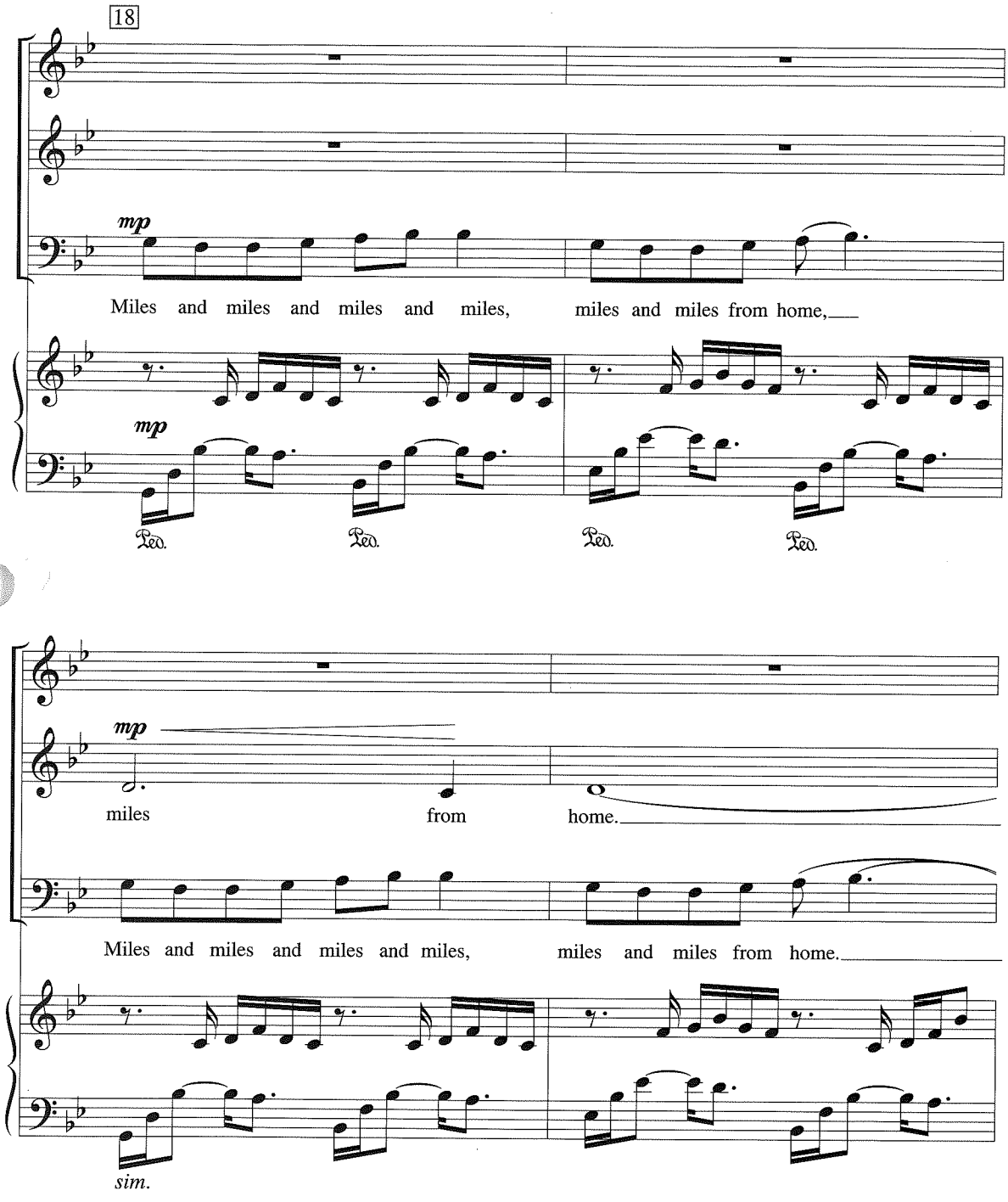
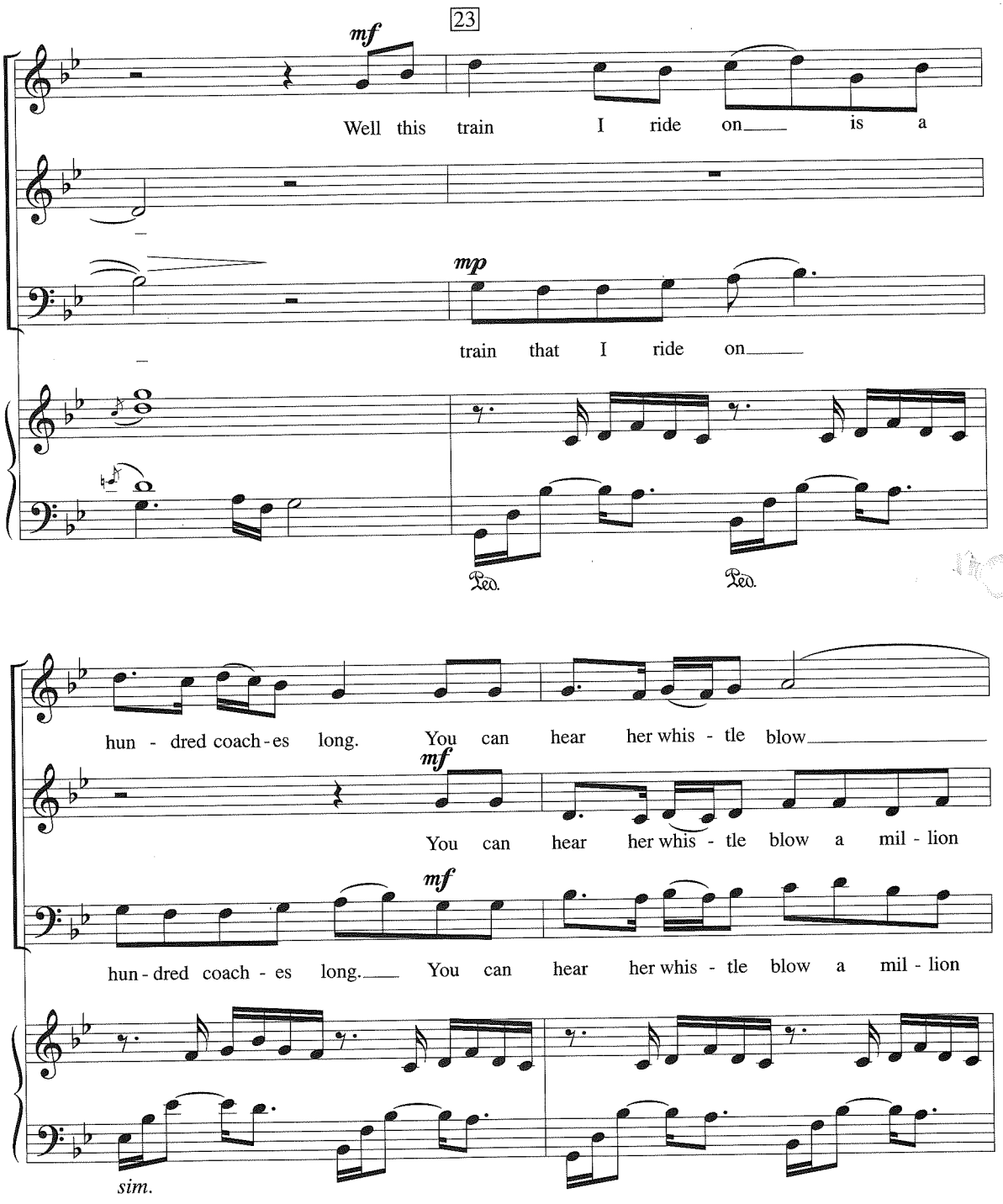
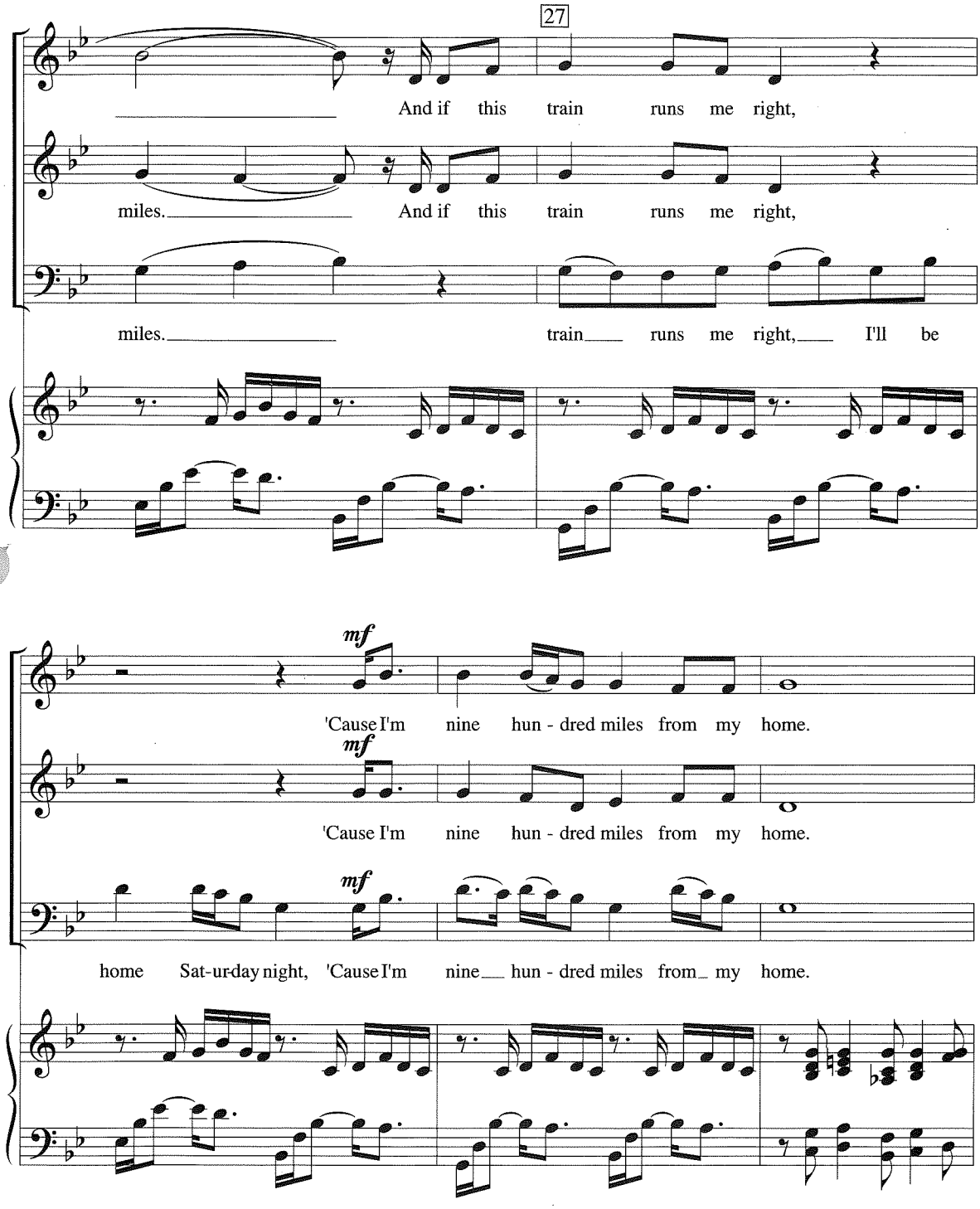
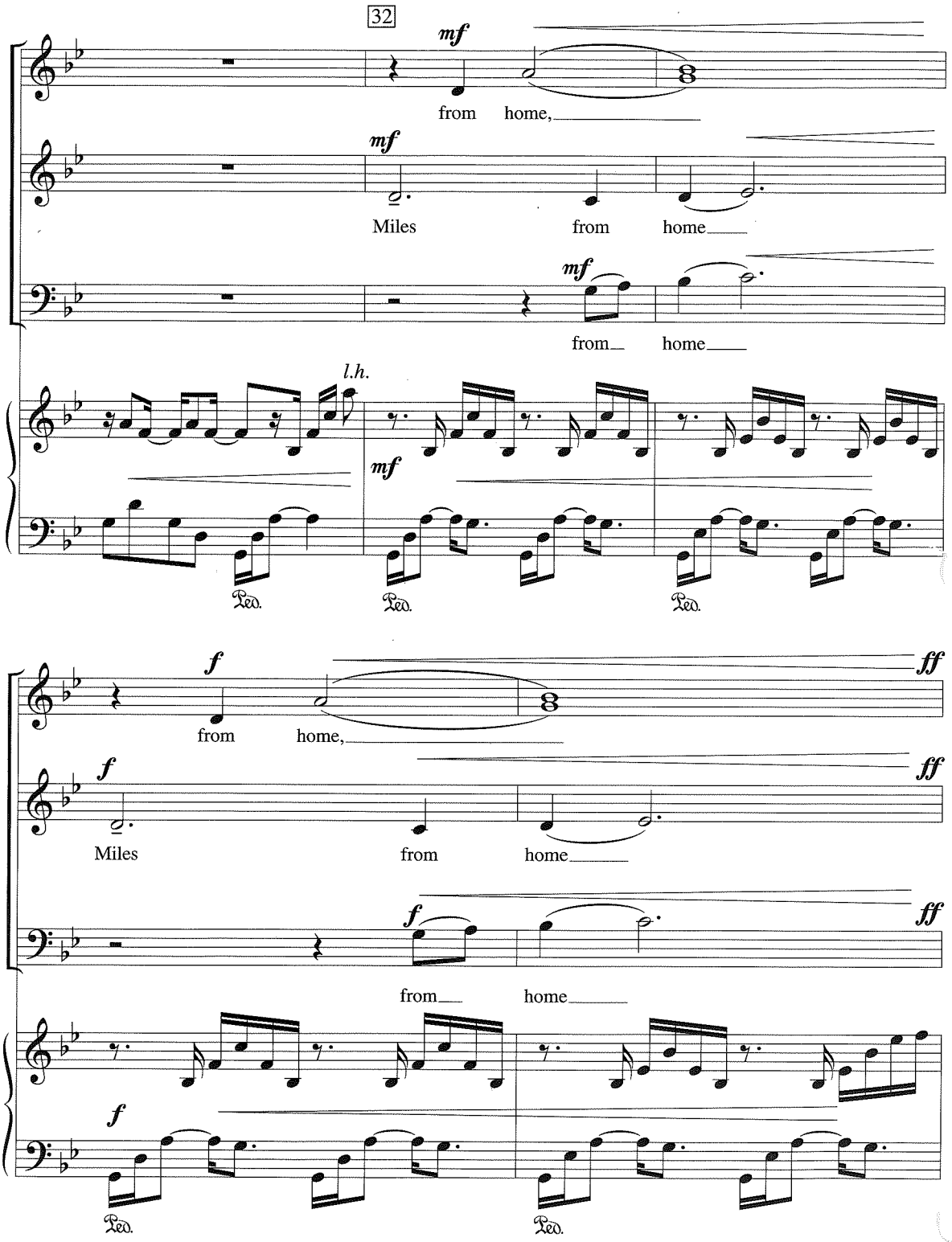
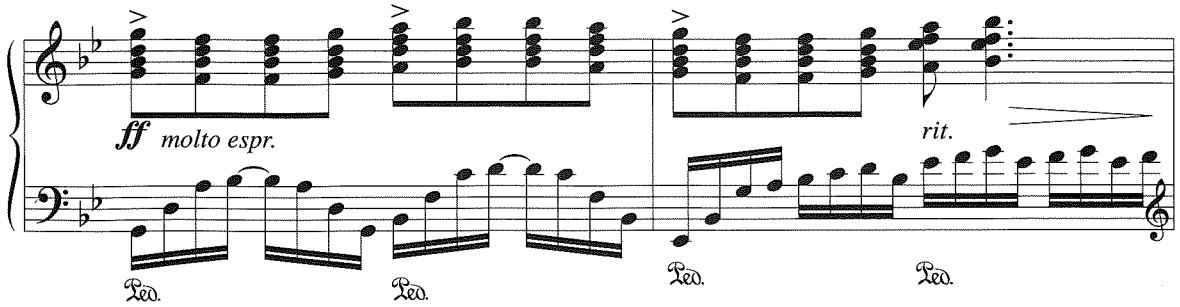
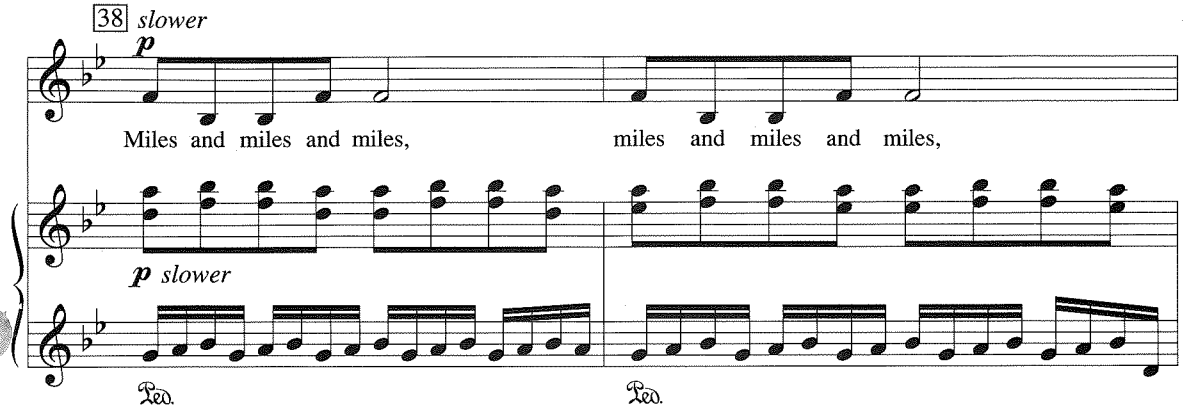
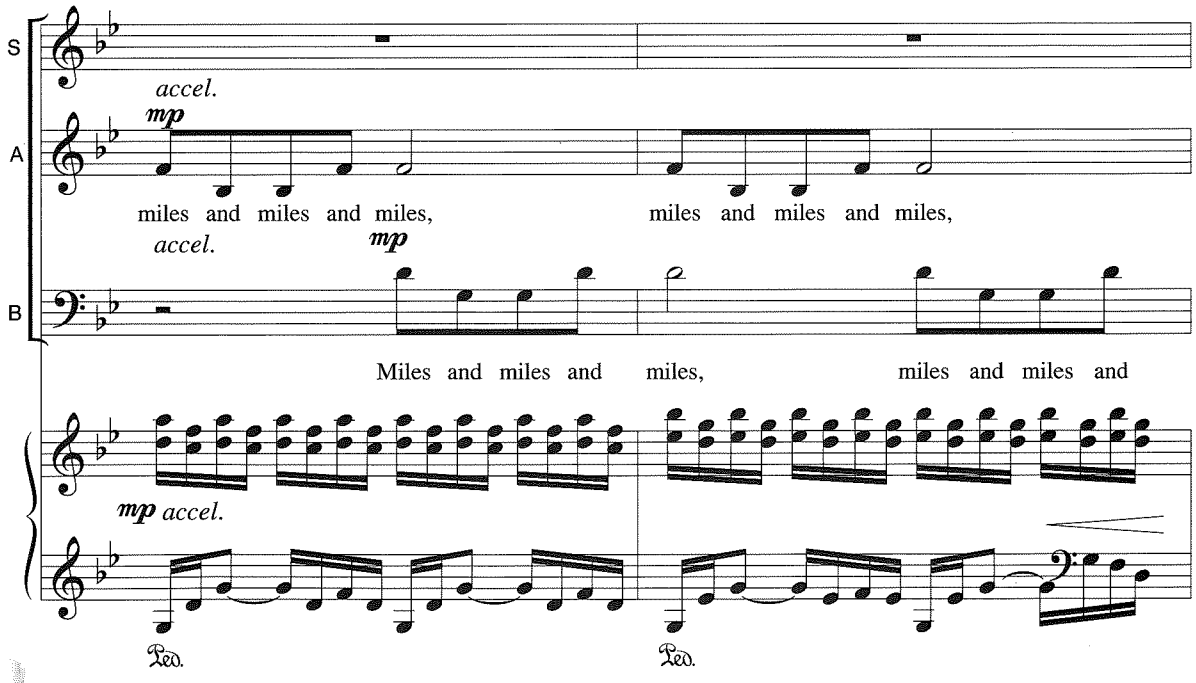
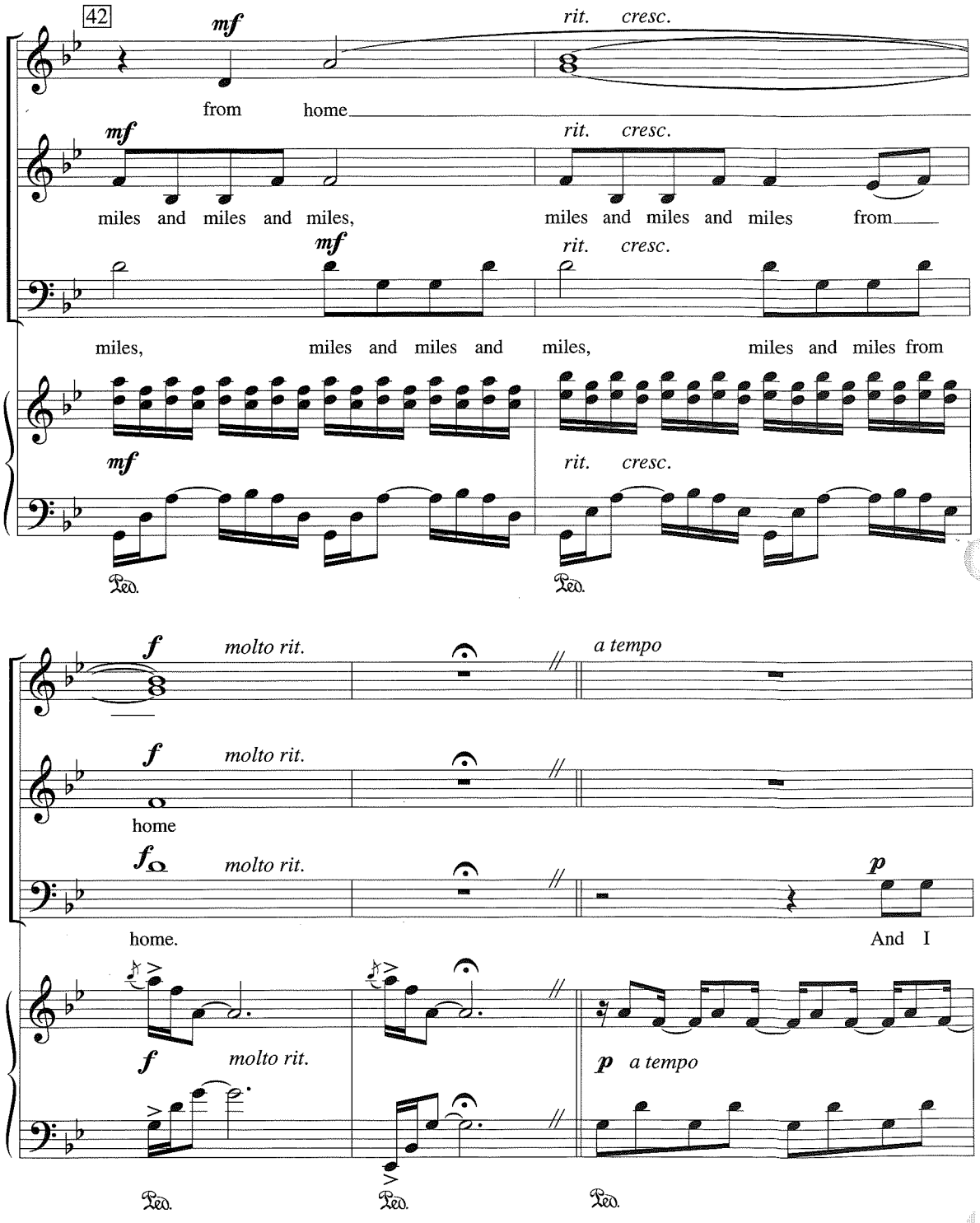
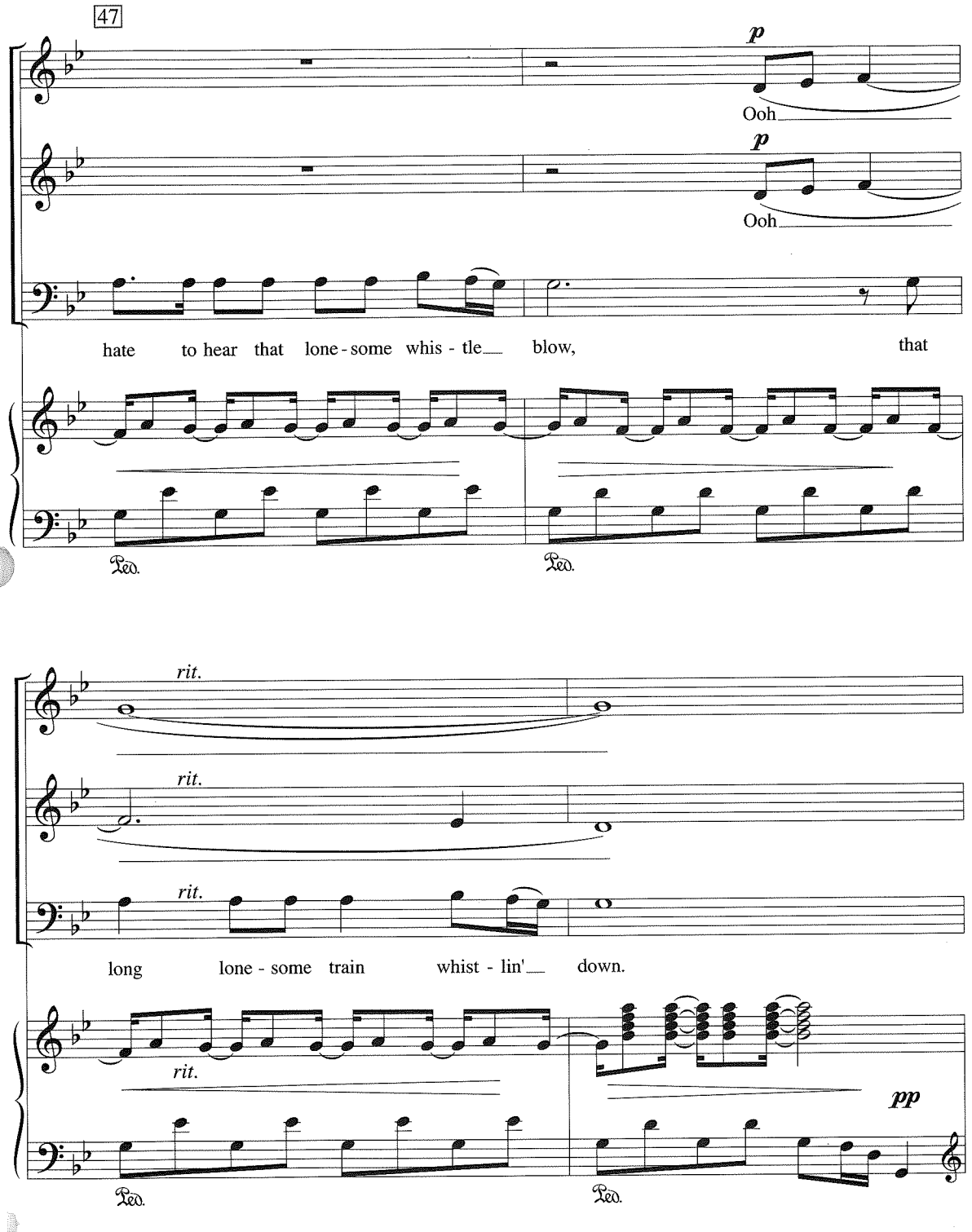

9
p
home
Ooh
mp
p
And if that train runs me right,
Ooh
mp
I'll be home Sat-ur-day night, 'Cause I'm
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
mp
nine hun - dred miles from my home.
mp
p
nine hun - dred miles from my home.
And I
nine hun - dred miles from my home.
Ped. Ped. Ped.
p

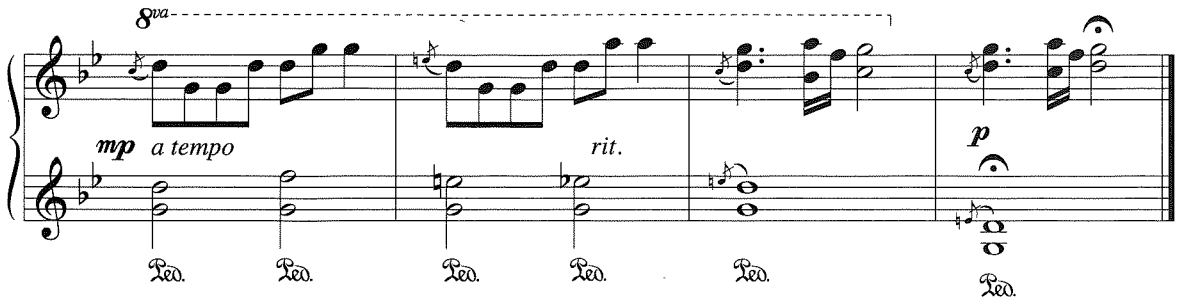

14
p
that
p
hate to hear that lone-some whis - tle blow,
p
that
that
Ped.
Ped.


long lone - some train whist - lin' down.
long lone - some train whist - lin' down.
long lone - some train whist - lin' down.
pp
Ped.
Ped.

18
mp
Miles and miles and miles and miles, miles and miles from home,
mp
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
mp
miles from home.
Miles and miles and miles and miles, miles and miles from home.
sim.

23
mf
Well this train I ride on is a
mp
train that I ride on
Ped.
Ped.
hun - dred coach - es long. You can hear her whis - tle blow
mf
You can hear her whis - tle blow a mil - lion
mf
hun - dred coach - es long. You can hear her whis - tle blow a mil - lion
sim.

27
And if this train runs me right,
miles. And if this train runs me right,
miles. train runs me right, I'll be
mf
'Cause I'm nine hun - dred miles from my home.
mf
'Cause I'm nine hun - dred miles from my home.
mf
home Sat-ur-day night, 'Cause I'm nine hun - dred miles from my home.

32
mf
from home,
mf
Miles from home
mf
from home
l.h.
mf
Ped. Ped. Ped.
f ff
from home,
f ff
Miles from home
f ff
from home
f
Ped. Ped.


ff molto espr.
rit.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

Altos

38 slower
p
Miles and miles and miles,
miles and miles and miles,
p slower
Ped.
Ped.


S
A
B
accel.
mp
miles and miles and miles,
miles and miles and miles,
accel.
mp
Miles and miles and
miles,
miles and miles and
mp accel.
Ped.
Ped.

42
mf
rit. cresc.
from home
miles and miles and miles,
miles and miles and miles from
miles, miles and miles and miles, miles and miles from
Ped.
f molto rit.
a tempo
home
home.
And I
p
p a tempo

47
p
Ooh
p
Ooh
hate to hear that lone - some whis - tle blow, that
Ped.
Ped.
rit.
rit.
rit.
long lone - some train whist - lin' down.
rit.
pp
Ped.
Ped.



About the song
A long-forgotten newsworthy event is thought to have inspired this song. The lyrics invite us to wonder, who is singing? Who wrote the letter and what does it say? Why are there tears in the singer's eyes? While leaving the particulars to our imagination, the song succeeds in capturing the mood and the spirit of life on the American railroad in the early twentieth century.

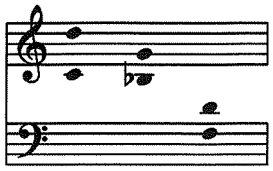
This arrangement was inspired by a creative arts activity in which young singers read their own improvised ideas of what was written in the letter. Many thanks to Norma Freeman for developing this concept and allowing me to share it as part of this arrangement of a classic American folk song.

Philip E. Silvey

About the arranger
Philip E. Silvey (b. 1965) is assistant professor of choral music education at the University of Maryland in College Park where he conducts the Women's Chorus and teaches graduate and undergraduate courses in music education. He also conducts the College Park Youth Choir. He holds degrees in composition from Houghton College and the Pennsylvania State University, and earned a doctorate of music education at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. He served as a public school music educator for seven years in Michigan where his secondary choral ensembles were selected to perform at state invitational events for three successive years. He has served as guest conductor, clinician, and adjudicator in Illinois, Michigan, and Maryland. He has also participated in interest session presentations at both regional and national conventions of the American Choral Directors Association. See the complete scores of additional pieces by Philip Silvey at www.sbmp.com.

I am walkin' on this track,
I've got tears in my eyes,
I'm try'n' to read a letter from my home.
And if that train runs me right,
I'll be home Saturday night,
'Cause I'm nine hundred miles from my home.
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow,
that long lonesome train whistlin' down.

Well this train I ride on
is a hundred coaches long.
You can hear her whistle blow a million miles.

Range

S A B

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